Anne. Now forsooth, why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay, for my owne part, I would little or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my Vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me, why so. If not, why then happy man bee his dole.

Anne. You say well, Master *Slender.*
But first you must giue me leaue
To be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God theres neuer a man in Christendome can desire more. What, haue you Beares in your Towne, M streese *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

Anne. I cannot tell Master *Slender*, I think there be.

Slen. Ha, how say you? I warrant y'are afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

Anne. Yes trust me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run to a Beare, and take her by the muzzle,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

Anne. Will you go in to dinner, Master *Slender?*
The meate stayes for you.

Slen. No faith, not I, I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tell you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd pruines, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hit my shin: yes faith.

Enter

Enter Master Page.

Page. Come, come Master *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate I thanke you.

Page. You shall not chuse, I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay by God Mistris *Anne*, you shall go first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

Anne. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Hugh and Simple from dinner.

Sir Hugh. Harke you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the streete, and enquire of his house for one Mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try Nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it is about M. *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you sir.

Sir Hugh. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.
I will go make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter, Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Host.